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47. 1491.

THE MEMORABLE 13th OF JULY, 1847:

AN EPIC POEM,

INSPIRED BY

"A STATEMENT"

OF

WHAT OCCURRED IN THE COURT OF

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE

VICE-CHANCELLOR OF ENGLAND,

BY

JOHANNES TOGA.

Il n'est rien dans la pratique si simple (*vil* ?) que ce soit, qui ne mérite l'attention minutieuse de l'avocat le plus savant et plus éminemment célèbre (selon lui.)

Correspondance de plusieurs Iraisconsultes du 19 *ième siècle.*

THE *** EDITION !!!

LONDON:

SPETTIGUE AND FARRANCE.

1847.

PREFACE.

2d. Lord. —— O, 'tis brave wars!
Parolles.—Most admirable; I have seen those wars!
All's well that ends well.

J. T.

Lincoln's Inn, July 17th, 1847.

THE MEMORABLE 13th OF JULY, 1847.

Give me, O muse, but strength enough to sing
The perils that the vengeful fates did bring
About the head of Lincoln's honour'd pile,
Give hope, and cheer me with thy wonted smile.
How the Gods in stern council did decree
Of Richard and Charles the ends untimely ;
How in the heart of each the Gods sent up,
The rage of strife and slaughter long pent up ;

How listening to Lincoln's plaintive prayer,
The fond hopes of her hoary years to spare ;
And melting at sight of such mouldy charms,
" Parce metu," they said, nor let alarms
O daughter in thy aged bosom dwell,
And dry thy tears for all shall yet end well.
Both Charles and Richard safe shall be restor'd
To thy fond arms and hospitable board.
Richard and Charles have liv'd to see their name,
Enroll'd amongst those of thy *sons* of fame,
Deck'd with the robe of silk, now proudly view
Their reward of worth and of merit true,
Recorded where thou still dost love to trace,
The memory of those time cannot efface.
What want they more? no vacant seat is there,
For discontent to shew its JUDGMENT rare!

"Twas early in the morn" in July's heat,
And silken gown and coif were dripping sweat,
And buzzing flies in myriads flew about,
The ear of counsel vexing, and their snout.
Ah me! shall I disclose, the place where strife,
Had nearly *"snapp'd"* the thread of valued life,
Without a blush or show of *modestie*,
Confess it was a court of *chancerie*?
No need have I to tell, for Europe knows
How Charles and Richard nearly came to blows—
How foaming at the mouth in court they met,
And all upon *a point of etiquette.*
How sad and fatal would have been the day,
Which promis'd thus to end in mortal fray!
O Lincoln's Inn, from mourning what escape,
And raiment black, and hats with crape;

To shew regret for Bulwarks of the Bar,

Had ***common sense*** not check'd the threaten'd war!

" But now t'wont do in dual fight to meet,

" For ***honour's*** rules are dead and ***obsolete***"

So spake the Charles of ***helmet*** as of wig,

" Or I would smite and kill him like a pig.

" In Holland I partook of the ***campaign,***"

" Though envious rivals say t'was mere ***champaigne.***"

" Though years have pass'd and verging on my grave,

" I still could prove I am as ever brave."

" Then if I fly to print instead of steel,"

" To make my foe his paltry conduct feel;"

" Give Justice meet, and say by ***me*** for one "

" The coward's goose was more than *Neatly* done."

FINIS.